UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Forgive!

By SYDNEY STRONG

What Are the Missionaries Up To?

By JAMES M. YARD

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part III. Chapter IX. By M. K. GANDHI

What Price Sincerity?

By VINCENT GODFREY BURNS

VOLUME XCIX NUMBER 14

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1927 NUMBER 14

PRAYER

(Composed by a Roman Catholic priest, a Protestant minister, and a Jewish rabbi of Urbana, Illinois)

Almighty God, we who are members of different races and faiths desire together Thy fatherhood and our kinship with each other. In our difference we find that many of our hopes, our fears, our aspirations are one. Thou art Our Father and we are Thy children.

We are heartily sorry for the mists of fear, envy, hatred, suspicion, and greed which have blinded our eyes and thrust us asunder. May the light that comes from Thee scatter these mists, cleanse our hearts, and give health to our spirits, teach us to put away all bitterness and walk together in the ways of human friendship.

Open our eyes to see that as nature abounds in variation, so differences in human beings make for richness in the common life. May we give honor where honor is due —regardless of race, color, or circumstance. Deepen our respect for unlikeness and our eagerness to understand one another. Through the deeper unities of the spirit in sympathy, insight, and co-operation may we transcend our differences. May we gladly share with each other our best gifts, and together seek for a human world fashioned in good under Thy guidance. Amen.

We imagine there may well be doubt as to the practical utility of Captain Charles Lindbergh's sensational flight from New York to Paris. Having a knowledge of aeroplanes about commensurate with our knowledge of Siamese jungles and polar ice-caps, we venture no opinion on this point. But who cares about utility or any other practical consideration in the face of such an exploit as that of the gallant young American aviator? One knows not whether to be the more amazed at the skill or at the daring displayed in this unprecedented achievement. Either one alone is enough to take one's breath away. The combination which carried that monoplane safely through darkness and over seas leaves one stirred even unto tears. Here is a feat before which the heart of man may well be lifted up in joyful acclaim. It is so great as to exact a revaluation of all previous standards of human prowess. What are Ruth's home runs, 'Gene Tunney's jabs, Tilden's backhand strokes, compared to the technical efficiency and sheer human courage which carried Lindbergh to his goal? How silly our enthusiasm, how Lilliputian our front-page heroes, when brought into comparison with such a man and such a deed! This flight from New York to Paris takes us at once into the realm of poetry and legend. It is the stuff of which hero-sagas are made which endure forever. There is something spiritual in it—a chapter of religion as well as of mechanical invention. For when man dares death in this dauntless fashion—pits the work of his hands and the steadfastness of his nerves against the unleashed force of earth and sea and sky—there is a soul at work. Up in the great black vault that night, when Lindbergh's motor roared its challenge over the silent wastes of waves invisible, there was one greater than the stars which gazed in wonder upon this intrepid invader of their realm. With perfect modesty, in the utter calm of self-reliant will, this grave young spirit ventured all to show what man could do. Verily, O God, thou hast made man, but

> a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet. All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea.

President Coolidge said and did a very foolish thing when he scolded the newspapers for their criticism of the administration's foreign policies. Between unrelieved stand-pattery and perpetual political broils there may be little to choose, but there is at least a glimmer of hope in political broiling; anything is better than stagnation. And Mr. Coolidge's philosophy can only end in stagnation. The reactions of the newspapers have been illuminating, and decidedly reassuring. Certain of the belated, rock-ribbed party sheets have promptly come forward with the conventional "me too." The not less partisan sheets of the irreconcilable opposition have emitted the expected yawp. But the happily increasing number of independent newspapers have received the deliverance with mingled scorn and amusement. Our type of civilization is impossible if all acts of government may not pass in the review of an intelligent citizenship. And never was there a plainer need of subjecting foreign policies to such review! A stand-pat nationalism has never before been so hopelessly out of date. The administration has been saved within the past few months from three cardinal crimes against humanity by public pressure. In Nicaragua, in Mexico, in China, the State Department would have everlastingly disgraced the nation and human kind, had it not been restrained by straight thinking and determined purpose throughout the common

citizenship. Its ways were all set, and it had in each of these three cases embarked upon a policy which was meaner than muddling, as wicked as it was foolish. Forced into recoil by vigorously expressed public opinion, the administration is emerging from all three situations with even a degree of prestige. If we cannot have a statesman in the State Department, it is something to have a Secretary so timid that he will jump when the people yell loud enough.

As the flood waters of the Mississippi dissipate in the capacious Gulf, all eyes are upon the engineer. One of the newspaper cartoons pictures him with surveying instruments in hand, pensively watching the receding waters from a slight eminence. The artist has labeled the piece, "The Thinker." The modern engineer must not only think through but work through. He must see to it that "it shall never happen again." We need the engineer at every turn in the development of modern civilization. He often sadly belies his profession and the community's expectations, but his mission is clear and he is on the right track. He stands to correct the limitations and over-reachings of more than one of the other professions. He dare not indulge the loose and irresponsible idealism with which the publicist and preacher are often content. For he is a mathematician and a realist. When some one reproached Dr. Frank Crane for some of his fatuities, appealing to him to "get down to brass tacks," he retorted that he was not expected to get down to brass tacks, that he was an idealist and it was left to other folks to be practical. Well, the engineer is expected to be practical, and actually to bring things to pass. He dare not fall into the snares of the lawyer, be forever holding back, go perpetually searching for negatives and inhibiting precedents. Construction is the engineer's business. Where no way appears he must find one. An eminent financier and industrial organizer, whose ways were aggressive, if not always unshadowed, drew this distinction between Mr. Root and his fellow-legalists. Other lawyers, he said, could be counted upon to tell him why he could not do what he wanted to do; Mr. Root could tell him how he could do it. The engineer may never be content with finding out why the needful cannot be done. He must find the way, the practicable way, the legal way, the right way. When a corps of engineers comes along with first class mechanical skill and not less notable ethical and social purpose, something like civilization will be achieved.

It is hard to have sympathy for England's financial condition—her taxation and debt burden, for example—when one reads in the London *Observer* that the annual drink bill in that country amounts to $1,500,000,000. This sum, says the New York *Times*,

> is nearly equal to the annual interest on the national debt, greater than all the income from all landed property, one and a half times the value of all agricultural crops in England and Wales, close to twice the total of the gross income of British railroads.

This colossal sum wasted on liquor that poisons the body, stupefies the mind, induces crime, poverty, and every social ill known to man—and yet the English people have the effrontery to complain about their taxes and their misery generally! The English workingman, as we know, pays a large part of this billion and half of dollars for his beer and whiskey, yet he shouts that he cannot live on his wages and now and again calls disastrous strikes to raise them. Why not stop drinking, and his wages would increase immediately beyond any amount that any strike in a thousand years could win for him? The terrific battle now being fought against the Baldwin anti-trades union bill may possibly accomplish this very thing. For the British Labor Party is seriously considering a six months' boycott on liquor and tobacco as a method of ruining Baldwin's budget and thus bringing him to terms. That it could be done, *if* it could be done, goes without saying. It's Gandhi's program to the letter, realizable by any group of people the moment they can discipline themselves, and a weapon as irresistible as a thunderbolt. When one thinks of the magnificent discipline of the general strike a year ago, and the marvelous tenacity of the coal miners through weary months of suffering, one sees at once here the possibility of victory without violence or disturbance of any kind. But—will the English laborer give up his liquor? Well, if he does, it will be Utopia come at last, with the major portion of England's labor problem solved. Get rid of drink, and the biggest stride towards our social ideals is taken at once! That's why we are in favor of Prohibition as the morning-star of the better day.

It was this English situation, undoubtedly, which J. Ramsey MacDonald had in mind, when on his recent departure from these shores, he praised the Prohibition Amendment.

> It is a great effort (he said) to keep people decent, and to enable men to find it easier to do their duty by their families and to spend their money on necessities.

He then went on to refer to "the smart people" of his country who come over here and "sneer at the law." "I resent this," he continued, "and when I get back I am going to take the other side." What Mr. MacDonald, as a visitor, could not say, should now be said by Americans—and that is that the "smart people" who sneer at Prohibition are not all of them Englishmen from abroad. Many of these "smart people" live right here in the United States. They enjoy nothing quite so much as making cheap fun of those who, by due process of law under our established system of majority rule, are trying unselfishly "to keep people decent" by

destroying liquor and the liquor traffic, unless it be drinking liquor themselves in order to show their contempt for government. Mr. MacDonald suggested to these ribald jesters that they "read Plato on the sacredness of law." But what is Plato to them, or any great mind, or any high purpose, or any noble social endeavor after saner, safer, and better living? These people want their drinks, you bet—they propose to have their own way, no matter who suffers—and so they *create,* out of their own utterly selfish desires, the *problem of Prohibition.* Let it be emphasized that there would be no problem—no problem of enforcement, or anything else—if it were not for these "smart people," to whom the knightly English statesman refers. And it is these people, who thus themselves create the problem, who say that Prohibition cannot be enforced! It is to laugh. Mr. MacDonald, out of his long experience in liquor-sodden England, knows that there can be no emancipation for the people until drink is outlawed. There are millions of people in this country who know the same thing. The plow is in the furrow, and it will be driven clear through to the end.

Since the above was written, another witness from across the seas has come forward to praise Prohibition and hope for its success. This is no less a person than the Bishop of London, who has recently returned to England after a long visit in this country. Speaking at a recent meeting in his diocese, the Bishop described Prohibition as "a splendid experiment," with which no decent persons would want to interfere. After visiting many parts of America, he said, "one realized what a lot of lies are told about the effects of Prohibition." Exactly! We have great societies in this country deliberately organized for the purpose of manufacturing lies and thus deceiving the people, all too few of whom are as discerning as the Bishop. Still another foreign witness, equally discerning, must be quoted in this place. We refer to that remarkable Frenchman, Andrè Siegfried, whose recent book, "America Comes of Age," is the ablest study of life and thought in this country that has been published in this century. Mr. Siegfried's testimony is all the more impressive in view of the fact that he has little sympathy for the Eighteenth Amendment, and less, if this be possible, for the Volstead Act. But never once, in his discussion of the subject in his volume, does he allow his own convictions to blur his vision or warp his judgment. He states that Prohibition came as "a result of the War," but recognizes clearly that "the Eighteenth Amendment was in fact only the crowning act in a long series of preparatory victories." He shows how the Amendment establishes a policy which runs counter to the philosophy and practise of millions of citizens, especially the foreign-born in the great cities, but states better than we have ever seen it stated elsewhere "what drunkenness means in the United States," and how "the climate . . . permits no liberties with alcohol." He asserts that "an enormous number of people continue to drink," and that it is even a question "whether many do not drink far more than before"; but he frankly concedes that "the masses of the people undoubtedly drink less than before . . . (that) one can go through whole regions without seeing any liquor or meeting a single drunkard, and (that) the great mass of the people are undoubtedly benefiting in health, standard of living, working efficiency and increased wages." Here is honest testimony. It would be well for our "wets" to give it heed.

What is generating the scourge of criminal insanity? Is it sun spots, or over-charged radio currents, or bootleg whiskey, or what? How is it conceivable that two persons, a man and a woman, pursuing the ordinary avocations of reputable citizens, selling corsets, keeping house, attending bridge parties, laughing and chatting like common folks, should devote their odd moments for months to the plotting and execution of so dastardly a crime as that of the Synder-Gray combination on Long Island? And if that is a stumper, what shall be said of the atrocity in Michigan where a community has been plunged into inconsolable grief by the gleeful savagery of the school board treasurer who carried with him into his grave the mangled bodies of two score little children and neighbors? Fiend is not the proper word. A man capable of such deeds is an enigma. He hasn't any name in human vocabulary. The animal world could not produce him, even in the jungle. Human society may not produce him, for he makes human society impossible. Civilization will have to find the way to suppress this kind or it will have to withhold the instruments of its own progress. It is not untimely that the Supreme Court of the United States issues a conclusive verdict that state laws which provide for the sterilization of mental defectives are constitutional and within the rights of every free commonwealth. Criminal dementia is a terrible disease. It must be treated as such. And the best treatment of all is to prevent its coming into existence or reproducing its kind. There is much injustice in present-day American society. That individual in Michigan whose domestic life was embittered, and whom the sheriff had pursued with mortgage foreclosure on his little farm, had doubtless suffered some of this injustice. But his vengeance in the slaughter of a school-building full of innocent children is the sublimation of anti-social insanity. It were better for that man and his progeny if he had never been born.

Forgive!

"And whenever you stand up to pray, if you have a grievance against any one, forgive him."—Mark 11:20.

Forgiveness is beginning the day without resentment. It is remitting penalty. It is pardon. Forgiveness is closing the day with the heart radiating love to all mankind.

Jesus said, if you bear a grievance against anyone, *forgive* him.

Why?

1. "They know not what they do." They are ignorant. They are caught in the tide of human forces, that irresistibly bear them on. They are more sinned against than sinning. There is no moral gain and always moral loss in punishing the ignorant.

How dare we blame others for what we ourselves would do? How dare we judge the accused when we know that had we come his road, we should stand where he stands.

Our constant and persistent attitude should be that of *forgiveness,* because our enemies, like ourselves, know not what they do. Everyone should sign a blanket draft on the Bank of Forgiveness in favor of everybody!

The day should begin and close with the whole world forgiven.

2. Men should forgive because an unforgiving spirit brings great injury to its possessor—individual or nation. Anything that embitters life is bad, for the health, for the mind, for the spirit. Nothing is more weakening—physically or spiritually—than friction with your fellow-beings; to have living in that house or on that hill or in that society or in that nation people whom we hate or despise. An unforgiven grievance is a burden that does not fail, in time, to bring down the strongest.

This is social law. A person must be right with his fellow-mortals before he can enjoy health or holiness.

Jesus goes even further and declares that if you fail to forgive those against whom you have a grievance, the Universe of God with all its health and happiness will gradually close itself against you. This is social necessity. Many have found this tragically true.

The fighting Saul was converted by the forgiving Stephen. The memory of that scene haunted him. Here was a new power, a new kind of life. Paul was strong to fight men who would fight, but he hadn't strength to fight men who could forgive.

Men, who are bad men, will become good men, in the presence of forgiveness. Where there is no forgiveness, the hearts of men grow hard and obstinate. It is forgiveness that converts and cures and makes the hearts of men glad. It is the unforgiving aspect of life that embitters, that causes despair, that scatters the seeds of disorder and disease.

If we were asked to mention one thing that all men should do at once for the health and happiness and peace of the world—our reply would be, *FORGIVE.* Not charity, not justice even, but forgiveness. Nothing has the curative and converting power of forgiveness. What is it that is so wonderful about the crucifixion of Jesus that has drawn mankind to find in that scene strength and inspiration and salvation; that causes men to say that when they look upon the cross they see the power and glory of God?

Is it that he suffered? No, countless men have suffered—and more.

Is it that he thoughtfully provided for his mother? No, countless men have done this.

Is it that he was kind to the thief? No, many others have been kind to fellow-sufferers.

It is because he forgave his enemies. That feature is the one element in the crucifixion that holds the imagination and awakens the mind and arouses hope and cures the sick and sinful, that reveals the love and glory of God.

To forgive is divine.

I should like to see experiments in forgiveness conducted. Suppose we should apply the principle of forgiveness to our own life. It is simple, inexpensive, requires no sanitarium—home treatment being best—and leaves no bad effects.

Suppose we should open our eyes in the morning and begin the day without grievance against a *single person in the universe.* Open the doors of our prison —for everyone keeps a dungeon or two in the basement —and let out all the folks we hold a grievance against, and have condemned to a life-sentence!

It may be a wife, a child, a neighbor. They are the objects of our hatred or suspicion or dislike. Wipe the slate clean.

As our mind goes over the multitude of faces that fill the halls of Memory—merchants, lawyers, clerks, Japanese, Germans, French, Italians—at this morning hour, as you stand praying, *FORGIVE.*

Suppose we should apply it to our courts and prison system. Suppose the judges should forgive and the prison doors should be opened.

What would happen? A wonderful cure for crime would come to mankind. The spirit of man instinctively rebels against detectives and clubs and bars—not because man is bad, but because he is good.

Intelligent prison officials agree that the majority of prisoners would be better off free; that the rest are in need of medical treatment, not of punishment; that those who should be confined are sick or crippled or defective; and if any people should be forgiven—not

let loose, but forgiven—it is these. The great healing forces of social forgiveness—not its punitive power—should be turned upon these.

Some day this will be common practice. Punitive courts and clubs and guns and prison cells; punitive and cruel methods will disappear and society will have learned the blessed curative and redeeming powers of *forgiveness*.

Why were the Paris Peace terms so malicious and disappointing? Because, there was no forgiveness in them. The president of the conference, Mr. Clemenceau, said it was a peace without weakness, as it was a war without weakness. That is why it failed. Such a peace cannot bring healing to the world's wounds. It is evil.

It lacks that element that might stop some of the present wars in various parts of the world and prevent future wars. Nothing but the spirit of forgiveness can avail.

Suppose Mr. Wilson, Mr. George, Mr. Clemenceau had drawn back the curtain and stepped before the world and declared:

"The peace we offer is the Peace of Forgiveness. To err is human; to forgive divine. The keynote for the new era is forgiveness. Instead of suspicion and hatred and exploitation, we offer the peace of co-operation and forgiveness!"

Beginning down in the hearts of children and mothers of all lands there would have been heard a song of joy and gladness—like the song of Bethlehem, Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men.

Some day it will be so; for it must be so, since the spirit of forgiveness is the spirit of power and healing and peace. Forgiveness is a necessity.

And whenever you stand up to pray, if you have a grievance against anyone, forgive him!

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jottings

A "Special Bulletin" of the National Society of Scabbard and Blade gives a new list of dangerous citizens. Jane Addams heads the list as "the most dangerous woman in America." Other names include Senator Borah, John Dewey, Francis E. Clark, George A. Coe, Henry Sloane Coffin, Rufus M. Jones, and C. C. Morrison. This is a roll of honor, if there ever was one. And it accurately classifies the Society of Scabbard and Blade as true to its bloody name.

Captain Charles Lindbergh's action in carrying certain letters of introduction with him on his flight to Paris, because "nobody knew (him) over there," seems to us to be the most beautifully humble thing we have ever heard of. Everybody knows him now, as Ambassador Herrick so promptly and appropriately proclaimed.

A brilliant young business man commits suicide! We read the story, and soon come to a statement about an arrest for speeding, then a charge of driving while intoxicated, then "alcoholism." It is always the same story—a gay, young bounder unwinding the rope which finally hangs him. The lesson is as plain today as it was five thousand years ago. Yet there are those who will not learn it.

What is patriotism? Judging by the thought and action of those who boast most loudly of their patriotism, we would say that patriotism is synonymous with ignorance, bigotry, arrogance, and conduct unbecoming a gentleman.

Our modern, highly sophisticated literary critics never tire of laughing at the prodigious beards of Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, et al. They seem to think that these men were no poets because they wore beards. But what about Walt Whitman? These critics all agree that "the good, gray poet" was America's greatest bard—yet he wore the most prodigious beard of all. If our literary lights today were a little more humble and a little less cocksure, they might avoid being silly.

We always enjoy definitions. Here is a new one which delighted us: What is a *specialist?* A man who knows more and more about less and less.

J. H. H.

THE POWER OF MUSIC

Entrancing tonal waves surround me now,
As here I linger, dreary and alone,
Bereft of all the joy my life has known;
Their witching beauty soothes my aching brow,
And soon will shatter, though I know not how,
My cramping prison walls. I sadly moan
To think how bitterly I must atone
For foolish wrongs and one misguided vow.

That blessed strain of music, soft and low,
Enwraps me, wafting far all thought of pain.
It breaks the links that form the mighty chain
Of trouble, freely forged here below,
That long has coiled about my heart and brain.
The power of music bringeth peace again.

AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

What Are the Missionaries Up To?

They are at the bottom of a good deal of the row that is going on in China, the Philippines, India, and South Africa—the agitation against the imperialism of Governments, of Race and of Religion.

A few years ago one of America's most brilliant young philosophers said to me that he would like to join one of the missions and go out into the interior of China "and raise hell." He thought the missionaries were just teaching English and passing out tracts.

The fact of the matter is that he would have been perfectly at home in many a mission compound, for the missionaries have been raising hell for more than a generation.

Charles W. Wood, in his new book, "The Myth of the Individual," says, "the Judas in man may make him despicable, but it is the Christ in him that makes him dangerous." Most of the supporters of missions have always supposed that Jesus was orthodox and safe. He was nothing of the kind. He was a revolutionist. Twenty years ago Gilbert K. Chesterton warned us that there was enough dynamite in the social teachings of Jesus to blow all modern society to rags.

The missionaries took Jesus to China, and he has destroyed the myth of white superiority. That is one trouble in China. In spite of the bombast of some recent dispatches from newspaper correspondents in Shanghai, the day of the white man in China is done.

Jesus was an Asiatic. I do not know what color he was but certainly he was not "white." Some of his followers do not know that. But Chinese in Shanghai, Indians in Bombay, Africans in Johannesburg and Negroes in Atlanta know it.

Lots of people in America do not even know that Jesus was a Jew. They are happy in their ignorance. There is danger in such knowledge in many places in this "Christian Country."

Many of the Universities in China and India have had, not old grandmothers with lace bonnets, but red blooded liberals, teaching sociology, philosophy and religion. These teachers have filled Asia with new ideas. If Western scientific civilization has been shaken to its foundations by the new discoveries, it is no wonder that people whose lives were governed by conceptions and customs of the middle ages should be absolutely turned upside down by these modern teachings.

Protestantism in its essence is a revolt against authority. It is as true now as it was in the days of Luther. It is seeking for truth and freedom and cannot be held back by any old-fashioned hocus-pocus, nor by the ravings of the orthodox, as Dr. Parish has said so well in the March Atlantic: "Hitching its wagon to Bettlegeuse, of which it knows the size and chemical constituents, Protestantism now determines to make a clean sweep of all the remnants of tyranny and obscurantism that have bound it back from freedom. It proposes a Twentieth Century Revolution."

Liberals have not only taught in the Colleges, they have also lectured before great audiences in the Churches and Y. M. C. A. auditoriums. The readers of this magazine know what liberals do to young awakening minds. These liberals dare to attack superstition whether in Christianity or Buddhism; they dare question tradition in politics and society and will bow to neither the doctrine of the divine right of Kings, nor the infallibility of the Pope. They will worship neither the Koran nor the Bible, for they know they were, both alike, made by men.

Even quiet, timid, orthodox souls have been tearing up Confucianism and Buddhism. It is the missionary's business to raise doubts. I mean doubts concerning religion. He must make men lose faith in Confucius or Buddha, or Mohammed. He arouses a critical spirit.

But of course in the end, that will prove a boomerang. For you cannot teach intelligent students to criticize one religion without teaching them to criticize all religions. That is especially true today when we know so much about anthropology, the development of society, and the history of religion. All religion has developed, evolved out of the childhood of the race. In their beginnings, all religions have much in common. The missionaries did not intend it, but when they raised hell with Buddhism, they also raised hell with Christianity. It was their avowed purpose to break up Buddhism and Mohammedism. They tried to buttress their own orthodoxy while breaking up the other man's orthodoxy. It cannot be done.

The missionary has been marvelously successful in spreading doubt. He has raised doubts about marriage customs, polygamy and polyandry in China and Tibet. And of course monogomy in America comes in for its share of criticism and questioning. He has raised doubts concerning the righteousness of the fourteen hour day and the five cent wage. He has questioned the divine right of kings, and of parliaments and presidents and of capitalists.

In 1922, under the lead of a missionary, the National Christian Council of China set up the threefold standard for industry. 1: One day of rest in seven. 2: No child labor. 3: Adequate safeguard in factories, both as regards health and safety devices.

Of course the whole labor movement started right there. Capitalism was challenged.

In October, 1926, the National Christian Council, a body made up of both missionaries and Chinese, passed a long resolution dealing with international relations. One paragraph of which read: "That the present treaties between China and foreign powers should be revised on a basis of freedom and equality." That is what Mr. Kellogg calls "Bolshevism." That the missionaries dared to criticize the policies of their own government is exceedingly dangerous.

Even worse than that, as far back as 1924, before there was much of any agitation on the matter of unequal treaties, some missionaries in North China signed a resolution, a part of which follows:

> The undersigned, American missionaries, are in China as messengers of the Gospel of Brotherhood and Peace. Our task is to lead men and women into a new life in Christ which promotes brotherhood and takes away all occasion of wars. We therefore express our earnest desire that no form of military pressure, especially no foreign military force, be exerted to protect us or our property; and that in the event of our capture by lawless persons or our death at their hands, no money be paid for our release, no punitive expeditions be sent out, and no indemnity be exacted.

That is worse than Bolshevism, for it is Pacifism. That statement challenges the two greatest foundation stones of our glorious Republic—the Department of State and the War Department.

The missionary cannot, of course, claim the credit for all the new and "dangerous thoughts" that have been brought into the "heathen" world. Business men,

industrialists, philosophers, teachers, have all played their part. In China, John Dewey and Bertrand Russell and the writings of Ibsen, Tolstoi, Darwin and a hundred others. Novels, science, history, philosophy, religion.

The East is awake! Superstition is dying. Ignorance is passing away. Science is destroying poverty. The "White Peril" is less dreadful.

Don't you wish you were a missionary?

New York. JAMES M. YARD.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTER IX

Simple Life

I had indeed started on a life of ease and comfort but the experiment was short-lived. I had furnished the house with care, but it failed to hold me. So no sooner had I started on that life, than I began to cut down expenses. The washerman's bill was pretty heavy and as he was by no means noted for his punctuality, even two to three dozen shirts and collars were found insufficient for me. Collars had to be changed daily and shirts every alternate day, if not daily. This meant a double expense. This appeared to me unnecessary. So I equipped myself with washing outfit to save it. I read a book on the art of washing and learned it and taught it to my wife. This added no doubt to my work, but its novelty made it a pleasure.

I can never forget the first collar that I washed myself. I had used more starch than necessary and the iron was not made hot enough and for fear of burning the collar I had not pressed it enough. The result was that though the collar was fairly stiff the superfluous starch continually dropped off it. I went to court with the collar on and invited the ridicule of brother barristers. Even in those days I could be impervious to ridicule.

"Well," said I, "this is my first experiment at washing my collar myself and hence the loose starch. But that is no trouble to me and there is the additional advantage of providing you so much fun."

"But surely there is no lack of laundries here?" asked a friend.

"The laundry bill is very heavy," said I. "The charge for washing a collar is almost as much as its price, and even then there is the eternal dependence on the washerman. I would far rather wash my things myself."

I could not make my friends appreciate the beauty of self-help. I may add that in course of time I became an expert washerman so far as my own work went, and my washing was by no means inferior to laundry washing. My collars were less stiff or shiny than others.

When Gokhale came to South Africa, he had with him a scarf which was a gift from Mahadeo Govind Ranade. He treasured the memento with the utmost care and used it only on special occasions. One such occasion was the banquet given in his honor by the Johannesburg Indians. The scarf was creasy and wanted ironing. It was not possible to send it to the laundry and get it back immediately. I offered to try my art. "I can trust to your capacity as a lawyer, but not as a washerman," said Gokhale. "What if you should soil it? Do you know what it means to me?"

With this he narrated to me with much joy the story of the gift. I still insisted and guaranteed good work and got his permission to iron it, and won his certificate. Now I did not mind if the whole world refused me its certificate.

And just as I freed myself from the slavery to the washerman, even so I threw off the dependence on the barber. All people going to England learn there at least the art of shaving, but none to my knowledge cut his own hair. I had to learn that too. I once went to an English hair-cutter in Pretoria. He contemptuously refused to cut my hair. I certainly felt hurt, but immediately purchased a pair of clippers and cut my hair before the mirror. I succeeded more or less in cutting the front hair, but I spoiled the back. The friends in the court shook with laughter.

"What's wrong with your hair, Gandhi? Rats have been at it?"

"No. The white barber would not condescend to touch my black hair. So I preferred to cut it myself, no matter how badly."

The reply did not surprise the friends. The barber was not at fault in having refused to cut my hair. There was every chance of his losing his custom, if he cut black men's hair. We do not allow our barbers to serve our untouchable brethren. I got the reward of it in South Africa, not once, but many a time, and the conviction that it is the punishment for our own sins has saved me from being angry.

The extreme forms in which my passion for self-help and simplicity ultimately expressed itself will be described in their proper place. But the seed had been long sown. It only needed watering to take root and flower and fructify, and the watering came in due course.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadèo Desai.*)

Decoy

The peacock's feathers do not hide
His scraggy feet;
Do you think in your inane pride
By flat deceit
You can conceal the hideous void
That in you lies?

The flaming rouge on lip and cheek
Is no disguise;
Would you delude the dullest victim,
Paint your eyes!

DOMBEY SHEPHERD.

What Price Sincerity?

When I enlisted in the Christian ministry I did so with glowing hopes. Here was an institution, thought I, dedicated to the welfare of all humanity, a group organized to put the ideals of the great Nazarene into actual practice. My life was always within the church, from youth up, and I went from the seminary like a knight who has buckled on his armor, with high heart to lead the faithful in the battle for justice, truth and world-wide goodwill. So I thought. I was soon tragically disillusioned!

What I am going to say as true of the churches, of course applies to Judaism and Catholicism as well as to Protestantism. But I must speak largely in terms of the latter. In my studies I began to learn more and more of the real Jesus, and as I did, I began to see more and more how desperately far away from him in theory and fact was the orthodox church. The first thing that sharply attracted my attention was dirty ecclesiastical politics. At my own ordination service, at every official meeting of my own church, at innumerable local federation meetings, and at large denominational gatherings it was always cropping out—the tricky, deceitful way in which churchmen, lay and clerical alike, sought to put over their selfish desires. Low politicians, of the basest type, seemed to rule in the realms of power. It made me think continually of the words of the Master: "Woe unto you, ye scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites. . . ."

I observed quickly also the fact that is everywhere evident in our churches that the main purpose of the church building was to provide a kind of sedate and complacent snobocracy. Credal requirements, social prestige, wealth, executive ability—these were eligibility tests to insure "the right kind of social set," and to exclude undesirables of every kind. A full treasury was possible only as the money-baggers could be sure of having only "linen-bosoms" beside them in their pews. It was a vile violation of the supreme command of the Master that *all* men were brethren and should be welcomed alike. A poor blind man was once told, in the vestibule of my church, that he'd better go in the future to the Salvation Army where his kind were to be found!

I quickly noted too that the one subject that was absolutely taboo in polite church circles was that of social justice. Anything almost might be discussed, from the new theology to progressive politics, but "Social Justice" was a subject most horribly anathema among the self-righteous members of the so-called circle of the Christ. And where one did not find this deliberate antagonism toward it, one found as in many Unitarian centers a sly indifference, a studied and cultured cynicism with regard to the possibilities of social reform, a clever intellectual assumption that "social institutions are stable" and therefore unchangeable. Nowhere in the Christian Church today can a prophet truly proclaim the new industrial day and hold his job for a year!

Moreover, no one can remain behind the scenes of the church for long without seeing the secret of its weakness in a blind and misleading theology. I heard an overfed, fat, pudgy clergyman recently declare that we were concerned too much with service of man and not enough with worship of God, and incidentally he referred to the masses as "that sweaty, smelly herd!" That is surely not a fair summary of the church's attitude, but it is a good hint. The church thinks altogether too much about an imaginary God, and not near enough about a very real humanity. What on earth can service to God, faith in God, love for God mean unless it implies service to man, faith in man, love for mankind? Often one sees a dead tree, with seared brown leaves and dry trunk. If one looks below perhaps there is a fine wire which once bore the name of the tree. This immovable wire which once served a purpose has girdled the tree and killed it. Thus does an immovable theology hamstring and kill the usefulness of the church.

The tragedy to me was the fact that the institution founded to provide more abundant life was choking life. The group that was supposed to be incarnating the ideals of Jesus was hindering his ideals. The church was doing exactly what the church of Jesus' day did—shutting the kingdom against men and not going in itself! It was but four walls and a roof, a hollow shell with no power and no new abounding life left in it, it was indeed a place of dry bones, a whited sepulchre! I saw this in my own church; I saw it in many other churches; I labored with all my might, by voice and by writing and by prayer, to get others to see it, but apparently it was like pleading with stones!

Then I met Bill Simpson! It was at Silver Bay in June, 1925. I saw and heard him with a thrill of joy! Here was a holy ardor, a divine vision, a transparent honesty, a true courage, an unfaltering love that never had I beheld in any church or churchman. Here was the thing Jesus had and the thing the church had lost—a true repository of the real Holy Spirit! Everywhere in the church I had seen the opposite of Jesus: dishonesty, unbrotherliness, a disregard of justice, an unspeakably false theology. In Bill I saw the incarnation of the spirit of Jesus: absolute sincerity, unbounded brotherliness, a passionate sense of justice, the shining deeps of truth! And it occurred to me that Bill had been ousted from his church like Jesus, and had found this glory of true religion in the highways and byways outside the deadening influence of the church. There must be some connection!

I went home to study. I took the Sermon on the Mount. I went to the roots of it. I delved deep into it. I wrote my first book upon it, The Master's Message for the New Day. And the more I studied it, the closer I came to the spirit of Jesus. And the closer I came to the spirit of Jesus, the more dangerous and adventurous a thing I saw religion to be, and the more faithless and traitorous I saw the church to be!

I began to preach the Sermon on the Mount in my own pulpit. I began to apply its message to industrial, international conditions. I condemned the stand of the administration with regard to Nicaragua and Mexico. I confronted the predatory interests. I pleaded for a deeper regard for the standards of Jesus in every realm of life. A tide of opposition began slowly to rise. Nervous old ladies threw up their hands in horror at my radicalism. Long-faced clergymen choked with anger at the very mention of my name. Squint-eyed merchants, traders and predators began to hold thumbs down. Silk-clothed aristocrats began to ostracize me. Rapidly my influence waned. Swiftly the powers that be moved for my condemnation and downfall. Every last device and deceit was used to complete my ruin, from underhanded politics to scurrilous letters sent to my

friends. I had proved that, at least in a New England pulpit, a Christian minister cannot preach Christianity. I resolved to show the world this fact. I did not do it for any personal gain, but to prove to the world what the church was like and if possible to help every church in New England to reach a higher level of moral and spiritual progress. My sacrifice, I believed, would be something like the cross; it would make men see the penalty a corrupt church could impose upon a fearless prophet.

I promptly resigned. I took occasion to refer in my sermon the following Sunday to some of the things in the church which caused my resignation. A storm of disapproval arose. On every hand I was denounced as a deserter and a dangerous radical. The next Sunday I preached an even more frank sermon. Again I was denounced. I went on with my plans. The church committee asked me to reconsider my resignation. I stated ten demands, too steep for them to accept. At the meeting of the church my resignation was accepted, and two thousand dollars was offered me, a half year's salary. I declined it. For I felt that the acceptance of it would keep me silent, and I wanted to go on, proclaiming the message which God had forced upon my lips. And the two thousand was given with one hand while the other was closed in a fist, which shook at me the warning I would never again be allowed to preach in my pulpit.

So some friends hired a hall. And it was announced that I would speak there the following Sunday. The meeting was scheduled at five. I arrived at 4:45 and found the streets crowded with people. I asked the crowd in the street to wait and we would hold a second meeting. We held one meeting right after another, and could have held a third, for over 500 people were turned away from both meetings. It was a tremendous experience. It was a kind of spiritual bread riot. I never felt the power of the spirit so certainly in any meetings before in my whole life. Longing souls had come for spiritual food, and there was an aching, throbbing spirit in the air.

The following Sunday we announced another service at the largest auditorium in town, the Capitol Theatre. Fifteen hundred people stormed the doors. It was another mighty meeting. At this meeting a young man stood up and moved that we establish a great Brotherhood Temple for all classes and creeds to worship and work together. The motion went through by acclamation. We have been gathering ever since, and I have been speaking and preaching to crowds, two, three and four times the size of my former congregation. It is a glorious proof that even here in conventional New England there is a vast host of unshepherded souls who, disgusted with Churchianity and Christian inanity, crave real religion and a fellowship with progressive souls.

We see now that Christianity is not enough. The world needs and must have a religion as wide as the world. Human society has been divided long enough by narrow sects. It is redeemed when its religion is as wide as all humanity. Our Brotherhood Temple, for that is what we call our new fellowship, is an all-inclusive comradeship seeking to promote personal spiritual development, and concerned with every phase of human betterment and social progress. Our credo is:

Freedom to seek and speak the truth.
Tolerance toward all opinions and beliefs.
The Golden Rule as the basis of all social institutions.
Every Man our brother: Every Woman our sister.
Love the fundamental spirit and method of our activity.
Generous Giving our secret of abundant living.
Service to every last sick, needy, fallen, suffering, bereaved soul.
Faith in the spiritual universe, the spiritual potentiality, the spiritual origin and destiny of man.

The members of the Brotherhood are of many religious faiths, some of none. They represent numerous clubs, fraternities, and social affiliations. They are of various nationalities, and political parties. Outside the Brotherhood they are perfectly free to have their diversified interests. In the Brotherhood they are united and harmonious. Each is free to think and to voice his own convictions, and he must likewise respect the right of all his brothers to do the same. The spirit of the Brotherhood is brotherly love; the purpose of the Brotherhood is unselfish service. The Brotherhood will find a worthy place in the life of our day in the dissemination of truth, in providing an arm of power for the securing of social justice. But it can do more; it can build a bulwark of mutual understanding against the dangerous future. The western frontiers are gone. Human progress in the future must be intensive. Inter-communication, commerce, speed of travel are bringing races closer and closer together and thus multiplying the possibilities of friction. Was not the World War a sign of this ever-increasing complexity and congestion of conflicting groups? The collision of alien cultures and different religions will be even more certain in the future as populations and contacts increase. Now is the time to provide for the new order by mutual understanding and brotherhood. H. G. Wells puts the matter of the future of civilization in a telling way: "the coming of the new order in the world, which shall comprehend Siberia and China and America, and a worldwide culture into which Islam and Christendom, the wisdom of India and China and the science of Brittain and Germany and America and France and North Italy and Russia and Japan shall alike fall and be fused!" Christianity has its contribution, but *it is not enough!* For the new day it must be fused with all that is good in every alien culture on earth! We need then in our western world a common meeting ground for all faiths where the best of all may be synthesized and co-ordinated and preserved. Such a common meeting ground to build for the future the Brotherhood Temple seeks to be!

In struggling for this ideal, we have discovered several facts. The new wine of the new spirit cannot be put into the old bottles of the Christian churches. Many have said to me: Why not stay in the church and work your ideals? For the simple reason that the tide of the new ideal has burst the bounds of the narrow Christian church and now floods the world. The Christian church is too narrow, too small for it! Others have said: You will get no substantial men to back you! And that is true: we must depend on the poor and the outcasts and the discouraged. And thus far we have found them more dependable than the so-called "best people"!

Others say the preaching of a simple evangel will do it, why bother about social reconstruction. We are dedicated to the social program of freedom and justice because we see in modern society a vicious circle of powerful groups who have control of the resources of the world, and with arms linked they hold within the circle as helpless slaves a great group of the weak, the poverty-stricken, the unemployed, the diseased and the under privileged. For these suffering millions we would

break through the ring of selfish plutocrats and aristocrats and help save the starving masses. To give the simple necessities of abundant life to all is the first plank in our platform!

But we have seen too that when one attempts a new work, a revolutionary work that cuts across the narrow selfishnesses of the ruling classes, crucifixion will be one's reward as it was in the case of Jesus. So we have known the bitter fires of hatred and persecution. So we have faced the tigers and jackals of reaction who would tear us limb from limb if they dared. We were excluded from the Masonic Temple, although I am a Mason. We were denied the Palace, Colonial and Union Square Theatres although we had been given them in promise. We were underhandedly ejected from the Capitol Theatre, and summarily forced to give up the Strand. The high school auditorium was denied us. The young man who made the motion to start our work was browbeaten by the Chamber of Commerce until he had to leave us completely or lose his job. Friends deserted on every hand when the choice was between the kingdom of God or job or social position or pocketbook. Pressure was brought to bear to have me put out of my home and put out of the town. Through it all we fared bravely on, without backbiting, without hate, and with perfect calm we have sought to lie quiet beneath the hand of God that we might be guided to do His will.

Our struggle is not over. A long hard fight is before us to put the thing through. But we have faith that we are right. We have loyal comrades who stick. Best of all there is Bill, who is truly and really the inspiration behind all I have done. Without him it would have seemed folly; with him it has been one glorious adventure in the direction of the everlasting kingdom which every prophet has dreamed. We ask all forward-looking friends to pray with us and for us that the kingdom may truly come in Pittsfield through our Brotherhood Temple. We shall try to be quiet and think. We shall try to build our foundations very deep. For we believe that Emerson was right: "The greatest dominion will be to the deepest thought!"

VINCENT GODFREY BURNS.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

The Women's Movement in India Today

India never ceases to be to me the most amazing country. No matter what one studies connected with the problems of life, one can find every gradation of it in India—its most acute form, its transitional experiments, its solution in the great philosophies, and their application actually in practice exemplified in a minority. The conditions of Indian womanhood is a case in point. In the same week that one reads of a child of eight being married to a man of seventy in the Punjab, and a girl of thirteen living with her husband twice her age only fifteen days being burned to death from the pouring on her of kerosene oil, either by suicide or by the act of the husband—as one believes the word of the husband or wife respectively, but both agreeing it rose out of her protest against sexual intercourse; one also reads of University Convocations granting Degrees to hundreds of Indian young women, the voting of a Legislative Council to admit women as Legislative Councillors, the touring and healing of communal differences by a Woman President of the Indian National Congress, through to the introduction of the Budget of six and a half lakhs by the Woman Minister of Health in an Indian State. What a record, what a sweep of the women's movement from the lowest to the highest! There is the Power of Shakti turning the Wheel that will indeed make the prophecy come true that the Kali Yuga will be the Age of Liberation for Women. It has several thousands of years yet before its close and at the rate that events are marching with regard to Indian womanhood it may easily become a fact. Where the Indian girls get the opportunity of education equal to that of their brothers, where they are allowed even to study through their Matriculation Course, they show in later life that they are valuable co-operators in every sphere of the life of the nation and more efficient and healthier household women at the same time.

But alas, alas, the number permitted to study is truly microscopic compared with the millions and millions of women who have never made any attempt at education, and the millions and millions more on whom the taxpayer's money has been wasted because they have spent only a couple of years at school, so short a time that they forget all their letters even within a few years. No country in the world has the disgrace which belongs to India, of having only 2 per cent of its women literate in their own language. It is depressing that in the last ten years, though we know there is progress in many directions, this figure has not risen by even one unit. The only hope is the enforcement of Free and Compulsory Primary Education applied to girls and boys equally throughout India. Concurrent with this there must rise a wave of zeal to act as teachers in the hearts of all who have already received the blessings of literacy. Was India ever educated? Were the masses of the people at any era literate? Or was knowledge jealously confined to limited castes and communities only, and even then only to men? At present legislators, householders, the vast bulk of Indian men and women do not desire education because they do not realize its value. They see no necessity for training the brains of girls; they are quite content to allow them to grow up mentally as untutored as the little calf in the house!

One of the reasons which makes parents fail to send their girls to school is the servant problem. Overburdened mothers indeed need the help in the housework of even the very young children, but this difficulty could be much overcome if the school hours for girls were better adjusted to the housework hours of the home and if the Government spent money on establishing creches where many babies could be hygienically cared for by a couple of grown-up women instead of its being one little girl in each home ignorantly minding one baby,—a cause of ill-health, arrested development and all-round waste of free human material!

Another curse amongst the higher castes is the custom of early marriage. That custom, with its baleful progeny of the dowry system and seven lakhs of child widows at the present moment, and infant mor-

tality and immature motherhood mortality, and cruelties beyond expression MUST GO. It is a canker at the heart of Indian social life. Its evil results are already patent to any observer or patriot or humane Indian. Those results are bound to grow worse. As the joint family life breaks up, more and more the educated man feels the increasing incumbrance of an illiterate, inefficient wife. Men are even now waking up to the fact that education pays, even in a wife. But they cannot have their cake and eat it too—they cannot expect dowry money in a case where the money has to be spent on the education of the wife. A girl of thirteen is not capable in any respect to take up all the responsibilities of a separate married establishment and the added burden of child-motherhood. The problems that will arise, will themselves put an end to the unnatural custom of child-marriage, illustrating the proverb "Give him enough rope and he will hang himself."

A very bright aspect of the women's movement is the increased interest that women are taking all over India in schemes to reduce the disgracefully high rate of infantile mortality. In India this ranges from 300 to 600 per thousand whereas it is only 60 per thousand in England. Care of the child and care of the mother will have to go hand in hand and will result in reform also in housing and hygiene. An example of this was seen in the deputation of women that waited on the Chairman of the Municipality in Ahmedabad the other day to demand from him some promise that the sanitation of the city would be improved. They complained that no matter how hard they worked to keep their houses and streets clean the sanitation of the city was so bad that their children became ill and their babies died.

Reams could be written about the state of virtual imprisonment of the vast majority of Indian women because of the conditions of purdah (curtain) in three-quarters of the area of India. And in addition to this even in the non-purdah keeping parts, the word of the husband keeps the women tied to her own four walls, unless he gives her leave to stir.

A man had just been telling me that he did not want his sister (a quite grown-up woman) to move out of the compound of the house in which she was living, when he expatiated on the beauty of the moonlight seen over the river on the Adyar Bridge. "Ah, but you won't allow your sister to enjoy the lovely sight!" I cried. "Why should you men in this country alone arrogate to yourselves freedom to enjoy the beauties of nature and the refreshment of change of air, scene and company?" When women are better educated there will be no excuse for virtually tying them up as custom now does in the higher castes. It is part of the paradox of India that the women of the laboring classes are amongst the freest women in the world. They seem to know no fear, they are merry, kindly, healthy, companionable, self-reliant and where piece-work rates are in question, they are given a free field and no favor. In factory employment the need, however, for women factory inspectors is very urgent.

In spite of its women's illiteracy it is wonderful how far ahead Indian women are of the women of other countries. Thus in New Zealand the Upper House of Parliament has twice refused to allow women to become honorary magistrates, yet here we now have sixteen honorary women magistrates. In South Africa no women have the right to vote for Parliamentary elections, while in Great Britain only women over thirty years of age may vote and there are other differentiating qualifications they also have to endure but in this great and ancient country women have been granted political rights and responsibilities on exactly the same terms as men! In Japan women are prohibited by law from even attending a political meeting. It is indeed a matter of great pride that Indian legislators have opened so freely and so quickly all the doors of opportunity for public service to womanhood and that once they see that a woman is capable they invite her help and put few hindrances in the way of her rise to the highest positions of trust and responsibility. There are now in India thirty-eight Women Municipal Councilors, members of District or local Boards and these ranging over such a widely different area of women's conditions as Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, Kolaphur, Tinnevelly, and Patna. (Yet in Behar of which Patna is the Capital there are only four women literate in every thousand!) There are also many women members on Educational Councils, and women members of the Senates of various Indian Universities, one at least having been elected in open competition with men for the honor. What other country can boast of political leader chosen by a huge national body who is a woman and a poetess? Sarojini Devi will become a figure in the future centuries as proudly quoted as is now Maitreyi and Gargi. During the past year of her Presidentship of the Indian National Congress she has been a model of patriotic industry, a peace-maker, a visionary, she is an ever romantic figure, so unique in qualities and failings that she is more like a character of fiction than of matter-of-fact present-day India. Sarojini raised to power Cawnpore, and Dr. Poonen Lokhose made not only Member of the Travancore Legislative Council but its Minister for Health, prove that India is well on the way to leading the world in demonstrating its belief in the equality of the sexes *(Adinarayaneswara)* for what it is doing now in exceptional cases it will do quite naturally in an all round way when men and women get equal education. Education is the doorway to everything for human beings. There is something wrong about the present education though or it would be more popular and spread more quickly. That is why the next two mass movements in the women's movement in India are the raising of the age of consent to 16, and the holding of an All-India Women's Conference to formulate the reforms that women consider necessary in the education of their girls and boys.

Despite facts which may legitimately make one groan in despair almost, at India's backwardness—such as the absence of a single specialized Children's Hospital for Madras City or Madras Presidency—or the remembrance of the chawls of prostitutes in Bombay, whose doors and windows are made of locked iron bars like cages—yet "it moves" when this land of the greatest social inequality between the sexes is the leader, is the land of the greatest political equality between them, and when the people with the highest rate of infantile and maternal mortality, and the lowest standard of national physique in the world has given the making and introduction of its health Budget in a progressive Self-Governing State into the hands of a woman, a modern Hygiea. Patience and hard work along the lines in which we are moving, will disperse the present black clouds that obscure the Light of India and enable its whole manhood and womanhood to become as free even as are now, its exceptional individuals.

Madras, India. MARGARET E. COUSINS.

The Study Table

Two English Novels

I have just finished two novels* of English politics which, besides being good stories, are interesting because of the way in which they attack the economic problems of present day England. In some ways they are strikingly parallel and in others completely different. Both books assume that unemployment is the most important and most difficult problem in England today and both stories hinge on the efforts of the hero to solve that problem. Both stories have a background of political life, although one scene is laid in the House of Commons, while the other is in ministerial circles. Furthermore, both heroes deliberately join the Conservative party as the best vehicle for their efforts on behalf of society.

"The Silver Spoon" is a novelized form of the query: "Whither England?" Or, to quote: "Was the English 'will to live' as strong as ever; or had they all become so spoiled, so sensitive to life, that they had weakened on it? Had they sucked their silver spoon so long that, threatened with a spoon of bone, they preferred to get down from the table?" So muses Michael Mont, young, restless, well-to-do, and a new Member of Parliament. Occasionally he had unavoidably come into contact with "the condition of the people" and had been decently perturbed by what he found. But what to do about it? The most plausible solution is revealed to him by the work of one Foggart, entitled "The Parlous State of England." Accordingly, he embraces "Foggartism" and carries this program into the House of Commons as the basis of his maiden speech. Briefly, this program consists in sending out boys and girls in great numbers to the colonies. In twenty years or so, the increased population of the colonies would then be demanding more goods which the decreased population of England would be able to supply by keeping her factories going at full speed. Hence, unemployment would be cured.

Whatever the merits of this theory, the point of the book lies in the inability of young Michael to get himself and his doctrines considered seriously. Twenty years was too far ahead to plan and Parliament was interested only in its immediate concerns. Unemployment, destitution, misery—"And probably no folk in England less disturbed by it than the gallant six hundred odd who sat with him in 'that house.'"

Meanwhile, Young England, in the person of Marjorie Ferrar, whose creed is to "live dangerously" and never to be "stuffy," steps on the toes of Old England, Soames Forsyte. The libel suit and trial which follow engage the enthusiastic attention of everybody. As the various threads weave into the pattern of the book, we are conscious of that contrast—the tremendous public concern in petty affairs and their persistent refusal to face, much less try to meet, the vital problems of their sick social order.

Whereas Galsworthy is interested in presenting a picture, a situation, certain aspects of modern England; "The Saviours of Society" is a study of a character. Ambrose Sheridan is a self-made millionaire and the owner of a bevy of newspapers. He has a genius for self-advertising, not impeccable morals, and a consuming political ambition.

> What Napoleon had done for France, Sheridan wished to do for the union of British commonwealths. As Napoleon had ended the middle ages, he wished to end the nineteenth century. He was heir to the first world war, as Napoleon had been heir to the First French Revolution.

Furthermore, moved by a memory of his years of struggle and poverty, he had a great desire to elevate the condition of the masses and remove unemployment by some Napoleonic gesture. Previously, he had entered the Liberal party, split with it on the radical side and seceded to Labor. When these ministers would not adopt his counsel, he attacked them with his press and soon brought about their downfall. Now he was flirting with the Tories who found him a fickle upstart and not at all to their taste, yet too powerful a figure to be ignored. As the story opens, the Conservative government has just offered him the chairmanship of a Royal Commission which is to solve the problem of unemployment. If he succeeds, it will be a feather in their caps; if he fails, he and his press will be nicely squelched and so quit harassing the ministry. Sheridan accepts and with tremendous publicity his commission starts off on a six month's tour of the Colonies and Dominions. So great is his prestige that at once financial England becomes a bit optimistic and employment actually does begin to pick up. His final solution of the problem, however, is not very explicit. One step is to revive business by making the Bank of England loan more freely and so start money circulating. The other aspect seems to be a dream of an integrated empire, governed by a Congress of representatives from the Colonies. This is not very satisfying to the reader, but such as it is, backed by his own press, it captures the imagination of the public and the Tory government is virtually forced to offer him a portfolio.

The non-economic parts of the story have to do with three women who loved Sheridan: Laura, his faded wife; Evelyn, his very personal secretary, "beautiful but dumb"; and Auriol, a brilliant girl of thoroughbred aristocratic stock. From the first woman he wishes to be set free, the second he enjoys, and to the third he is paying court. Before the book ends, all three have made very real sacrifices for the sake of the ambitions of their hero—this Saviour of Society. The trouble is that their concern, as well as his, is more for the Saviour than for Society.

Neither of these books is intended to be propaganda. Both are novels, pure and simple, but being laid in present day England, they could not get away from the social unrest. That, I think, is significant. But do they point any way out? One is not so certain. Is any single genius or any single program going to prove the Saviour of Society? Is the Conservative party the medium for regeneration? Can the upper classes, wealthy or aristocratic, be depended upon to turn the trick? Could they, if they would? Have all the classes been spoiled by the fact of being born, industrially speaking, with a silver spoon in their mouth? Have they, in fact, been so born? Such questions come to mind as one reads, and so, perhaps, make these two books well worth perusing, aside from the enjoyment of the two rattling good yarns.

JOSEPH COBURN SMITH.

*"The Silver Spoon, John Galsworthy, Scribners.
"Saviours of Society," Stephen McKenna, Little Brown & Co.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

PROPOSED ARBITRATION TREATY*

Prepared Jointly for
The Women's International League
522 17th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
and
The American Arbitration Crusade
114 East 31st St., New York City

Article I. The High Contracting Parties agree to refer all disputes of every kind arising between them which it may not have been possible to settle by the normal methods of diplomacy, either to the Permanent Court of International Justice or to the Permanent Conciliation Commission, constituted in accordance with the present Convention, or to such other judicial or arbitral body as may be specially agreed upon in the particular case.

The High Contracting Parties further agree that under no circumstances will they resort to war with each other.

Article II. In the absence of express agreement by both Parties in the particular case to refer the dispute to some other judicial or arbitral body, the Permanent Court of International Justice shall upon the request of either of the Parties *ipso facto* acquire jurisdiction in all or any disputes concerning:

(a) the interpretation of a treaty.
(b) any question of international law.
(c) the existence of any fact which if established would constitute a breach of an international obligation.
(d) the nature or extent of the reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation.
(e) the determination of any question of fact upon which an international dispute between the Parties has arisen.

Article III. In the event of a dispute as to whether the Court has jurisdiction, the matter shall be settled upon the request of either Party by the decision of the Court.

Article IV. The High Contracting Parties agree to accept the decision of the Court in all cases as binding.

Article V. All disputes other than those mentioned in Article II shall be referred, if in the particular case both of the High Contracting Parties so agree, to the Permanent Court of International Justice or to some other judicial or arbitral body. In the absence of such agreement such disputes shall be referred to the Permanent Conciliation Commission upon the request of either of the High Contracting Parties.

Article VI. The Permanent Conciliation Commission mentioned in Article I shall be composed of five members who shall be appointed as follows, that is to say: Each Party shall nominate a commissioner chosen from among its respective nationals, and shall appoint, by common agreement, the three other commissioners from among the nationals of third powers; these three commissioners must be of different nationalities and the two Parties shall appoint the president of the commission from among them.

The commissioners shall be appointed for five years, and their mandate shall be renewable. Their appointment shall continue until their replacement, and, in any case, until the termination of the work in hand at the moment of the expiry of their mandate. Vacancies which may occur as a result of death, resignation or any other cause shall be filled within the shortest possible time in the manner specified for the original appointment.

Article VII. The Permament Conciliation Commission shall be constituted within three months from the entry into force of the present convention.

If the nomination of the commissioners to be appointed by common agreement should not have taken place within the said period, or, in the case of the filling of a vacancy, within three months from the time when the seat falls vacant, the President of the Swiss Confederation shall, in the absence of other agreement, be requested by either Party to make the necessary appointments.

Article VIII. The Permanent Conciliation Commission shall acquire jurisdiction by means of a request addressed to the president by the two Parties acting in agreement or, in the absence of such agreement, by either one of the Parties.

The request, after having given a summary account of the subject of the dispute, shall contain the invitation to the commission to take all necessary measures with a view to arrive at an amicable settlement.

If the request emanates from only one of the Parties such Party shall without delay give notification thereof to the other Party.

Article IX. Within 15 days from the date when either Party shall have brought a dispute before the Permanent Conciliation Commission either Party may, for the examination of the particular dispute, replace its commissioner by a person possessing special competence in the matter.

The Party making use of this right shall immediately inform the other Party; the latter shall in that case be entitled to take similar action within 15 days from the date when the notification reaches it.

Article X. The task of the Permanent Conciliation Commission shall be to elucidate questions in dispute, to collect with that object all necessary information by means of inquiry or otherwise, and to endeavor to bring the Parties to an agreement. It may, after the case has been examined, inform the Parties of the terms of settlement which seem suitable to it, and lay down a period within which they are to make their decision.

At the close of its labors the commission shall draw up a report stating, as the case may be, either that the Parties have come to a satisfactory arrangement, and if need be, the terms of the arrangement, or that it has been impossible to effect a settlement.

The labors of the commission must, unless the Parties otherwise agree, be terminated within one year from the day on which the commission shall have been notified of the dispute.

Article XI. Failing any special provision to the contrary, the Permanent Conciliation Commission shall lay down its own procedure, which in any case must provide for both Parties being heard. In regard to inquiries the

Correspondence

Praise for Dr. Strong—and UNITY

Editor of UNITY:

Your "American Notes" in the UNITY which came this morning, telling of the Community Church, prompted me to drop you a line of appreciation for those columns you have been writing. The idea of such an intimate sharing of your chance to look in on these places of activity in which so many of us are interested, is an especially delightful feature of the paper. Indeed it seems to me that of all the publications that fill my desk from week to week, UNITY has the most spiritual sustenance.

VERA CHESTER LANE.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

The Fate of the "Old Folks" in America.

Editor of UNITY:

The life of the old, unprotected person in America is a tragedy. How often I have pitied the poor lonely old men, who go about begging in the big cities. How I have contrasted their lot with that of the old men in my native country, Denmark, where all old people are taken care of; where they either live in beautiful old people's homes or where they receive old age pensions. Other European countries take care of their old people in like manner. America as a nation is indifferent to its old folks. Men or women, who have given of their best to their country, for forty or fifty years, are veritably discarded by society, when they are incapacitated—provided they are without savings. Life is cruel and unmerciful to the old people in this country. A man's or a woman's earning power seems to be the only thing of value in this day of ours. It is an unmistakable sign of civilization, when society in some way recognizes the contributions that its old men and women have made to the making of society. It is a sign of the lack of appreciation of the the value of human personality when society closes its doors upon those who are too feeble and too old to join in the mad "hunt for the dollar."

San Francisco. PETER GULDBRANDSEN.

commission, unless it decides unanimously to the contrary, shall act in accordance with the provisions of Part III (International Commissions of Inquiry) of the Hague Convention of October 18, 1907, for the pacific settlement of international disputes.

Article XII. The Permanent Conciliation Commission shall meet, in the absence of agreement by the Parties to the contrary, at a place selected by its president.

Article XIII. The labors of the Permanent Conciliation Commission are not public, except when a decision to that effect has been taken by the commission with the consent of the Parties.

Article XIV. The Parties shall be represented before the Permanent Conciliation Commission by agents, whose duty it shall be to act as intermediary between them and the commission; they may, moreover, be assisted by counsel and experts appointed by them for that purpose, and request that all persons whose evidence appears to them useful should be heard. The commission, on its side, shall be entitled to request oral explanations from the agents, counsel and experts of the two Parties, as well as from all persons it may think useful to summon with the consent of their Government. The commission may designate members to make particular investigations or to hear testimony.

Article XV. The decisions of the Permanent Conciliation Commission shall in the absence of express contrary agreement between the Parties be taken by a majority. The president shall have a casting vote in case of a tie. The opinion of the minority shall be recorded in the report upon the request of either Party.

Article XVI. The two Governments undertake to facilitate the labors of the Permanent Conciliation Commission, and particularly to supply it, to the greatest possible extent, with all relevant documents and information, as well as to use the means at their disposal to allow it to proceed in their territory and in accordance with their law to the summoning and hearing of witnesses or experts, and to visit the localities in question.

Article XVII. During the labors of the Permanent Conciliation Commission each commissioner shall receive salary, the amount of which shall be fixed by agreement between the Parties each of which shall contribute an equal share.

Article XVIII. In any case and particularly if the question on which the Parties differ arises out of acts already committed or on the point of commission, either the Permanent Court of International Justice, in accordance with Article 41 of its Statute, or the Permanent Conciliation Commission, having acquired jurisdiction over the dispute, may lay down provisional measures to be adopted. The two Parties undertake respectively to accept such measures, to abstain from all measures likely to have a repercussion prejudicial to the execution of the decision or to the arrangement proposed by the Permanent Court of International Justice or the Permanent Conciliation Commission, and in general to abstain from any action whatsoever which may aggravate or extend the dispute.

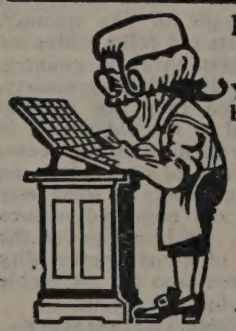
Article XIX. The present Convention shall be ratified. Ratifications shall be exchanged at Washington as soon as possible.

The Convention shall come into force on the day of the exchange of ratifications, and shall remain in force for a period of five years from that date. If it is not denounced at least six months before the expiration of that period, it shall remain in force for a new period of five years and so on.

If any dispute is pending before the Permament Court of International Justice or the Permanent Conciliation Commission at the time of the natural expiration of the Convention, the provisions of the Convention will nevertheless continue in force with respect to and so far as they concern the said dispute.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, etc.

*Drafted by Professor Francis B. Sayre, Harvard Law School.



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